

HEARTHSTONE HAPPINESS.

How to Make Home a "Thing of Joy and Beauty Forever."

HARMONIOUS HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Here's to the Baby—Healthy Conversation—Having Amusements as well as Work—Honors the Proper Resting Place.

A Mother to her Baby.

To the Sweetest, The Dearest, The Truest,

To a voice that is sweet as the bird's in the nest; To a cheek like the flush on the leaf of the rose;

To a dear little tip-tilted nose; To a lip that has gathered the glory of bloom from crimson carnations deep dyed with perfume;

To eyes that are dark as the beauty of night, Yet filled with star-spinkles of arrowy light; To a smile that's as glad as the laughter of dawn;

When the veil of the darkness is slowly withdrawn; To a heart—what symbol that is not divine Can I choose for the heart of my dear Valentine?

And what words can I frame that will do my best; That will bear all my love, with a lover's fond zest.

To the Dearest, The Sweetest, The Truest, The Best!

Home First.

Mrs. Beecher. "Let home stand first before all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may extend beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home! Be not its slave; be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is sweet and garish, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed the inspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land." It is the most charming picture we think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home? What dignity higher than to reign its undisputed honored mistress? What is the ability to spend knowledge, to give instant and absolute disposal, so that he can talk just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass, to use, and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, and from the mere phrase of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.

Two Ways of "Entertaining."

Chicago Tribune. "Entertaining" has come to bear a very different significance from what it was intended to have in the beginning. Socially used, it brings up the good things to eat, which the entertainers will spread before their guests, as if the greatest pleasures the world can afford lie in what may be put in their stomachs. A very good way of looking at it is that of a noted society woman, who says that people can buy their lunches anywhere, but what the cultivated lady or gentleman wants is mental food. They want to exchange their ideas for new ones; they want to talk and laugh, and to have their thoughts directed into unaccustomed channels. The woman who thinks she must pamper to the appetites of her guests, and please openly confess either that she has no ability to entertain in any other way, or she thinks her guests' brains are on a level with their stomachs. The same lady gives the most charming parties, when all that she has for refreshment is some nice sandwiches and a cup of hot coffee, and this is offered without ceremony, although in a costly cups and saucers and plates with fine napery. There is a way, and a way of doing things.

How to Amuse Children.

While children are satisfied with artificial means of amusements, the simplest and most natural sources of pleasure are entirely neglected. A child brings in a handful of field flowers; the mother says: "What a litter you are making with that rubbish; let's clear it all away and play with your pretty doll." And a source of pleasure and instruction might have been derived from examining the different colors, the different shades of the same color, and the shape and texture of the buds and leaves. I once saw a child take up a dead spider; the mother said: "Horrid, nasty creature; throw it away; never touch these nasty things; you may be bitten and hurt one of these days." What an opportunity was here lost of telling the child a number of interesting and entertaining particulars respecting the eyes, the feelers, the thread spun by the web, etc. And after a few minutes of pleasure might have been given by asking little questions in order to lead the child to repeat clearly the information it had received, and to recognize it as an accurate method of expressing ideas.

Something for the Children.

In these days of picture books, crayons, blocks, etc., it would seem that the little ones would not lack for variety. But even these at times prove monotonous, and one must resort to some other device. At such times a blackboard is a source of interest and oftentimes amusement, and it is not a little help in teaching primary arithmetic and geography. It is not necessary for it to be large, and it will cost but little. What you want are crayons as well as white, and do not deprive the children of the pleasure of drawing on the board, as well as writing and ciphering. When small children become weary, it is just as well to release them, or draw their minds off in some other channel. Therefore, it is a good plan to let each little one have a slate and pencil, also a lead pencil and paper, and when they become weary, let them write studies let them make letters. Children can not be taught the use of pen and pencil too early, and should be allowed the free use of them, even at the risk of scribbling all over the room by continuing to use them to write easily and rapidly.

To a Young Housekeeper.

One of the best rules ever given by a mother to a daughter, just about to begin housekeeping, was: "Always be a very part of your house from garret to cellar at least once a day; the servants get to know this, and consequently they never throw things into corners, or leave dirty clothes." This is especially good advice concerning the kitchen. Make a point of opening pantry drawers, lifting the wash-tub lids, take a look into the refrigerator every morning, and see what a difference it will make in the color of the meat. A good mistress can always manage to do this while she is giving the day's orders, and in such a way as not to offend the girl's feelings; for some—and the best girls are very sensitive about being watched, or rather at having their ability to keep a tidy kitchen doubted. At the same time, the knowledge that her mistress is more than likely to take a look into the refrigerator at any time will greatly influence the putting away of provisions and keeping the wastepan empty.

Young Housekeepers Should Know.

That soda will clean tarnished tin. That vinegar and salt will clean copper. That butter is the best polish to put on stoves.

That baking-soda put on a burn will take out the heat.

That a heated knife will cut hot bread without making it soggy.

That oil of cedar is a cure, death to vermin which infest chambers.

That toilet sets and all chamber articles should be cleaned in cold water.

That white lead will cement broken crockery, a 10-cent bottle lasting for years.

That a small paint brush should be used in cracks and crevices when dusting a room.

That disease often lurks in a dirty dishcloth, a greasy sink, an unclean teakettle and a poorly ventilated oven.

That dannels should be washed in hot soap-suds, and rinsed in hot water containing soap enough to soften it a little.

That a carpet sweeper is invaluable in a dining-room where small children eat, but should never be used for general sweeping.

That silver should be washed with a chambray skin saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding a general cleaning.

That windows should never be washed while the sun shines upon them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

That preserving jars should be stood on their heads, for at least an hour after sealing, when the liquor will escape if the jars contain air.

That silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

Conversation.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every day life. One who has this gift enters in a social circle anywhere. How anyone's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the resources of the reserved and shy, subduing the factious and making every body glad and happy. To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce a glow. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that, no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find in his company just as natural and pleasant talking to him as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more than a passing knowledge of the subjects of instant and absolute disposal, so that he can talk just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass, to use, and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, and from the mere phrase of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.

OMAHA MILLINERY SUPPLIES.

The Vegetable World Ransacked for Ornamentation.

The bright sunny days have given to the streets of Omaha an intensely interesting appearance. The architects and artisans, the real estate men and teamsters are busy. Excavations are being made in every quarter for all kinds of structures, and the prospective increase in Omaha's buildings this season are such as to deter the new comer and the oldest inhabitant from venturing a guess at the city's increase between now and January, 1888. But the interest in the development of Omaha is not confined to the streets that attract the observant eye amid the great multitudes that throng the streets. On Douglas, Farnham, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and other streets multitudes of ladies promenade, shopping or taking exercise. Out of the abundance of wealth in the city, which is changing hands they are sure, as a general rule, of a large provision to fit them out in the prevailing styles of the season. The full line of spring fashions has not yet arrived, but in the many millinery establishments of the city sufficient stock has arrived, and been learned to give an idea of the elegance and splendor of the headwear which will be seen on the streets during the spring and summer. The styles, trimmings and decorations are being talked of, and speculators in the trade are being known here and hereabouts. Julius is a dandy, and no mistake—at least in the matter of gilt-edged galls. His thirst for the most fashionable makes him the victim of practical jokes, more or less severe, at the hands of "the boys."

Here is the latest: Cooley received last week a bogus invitation from a group of "society" individuals who signed themselves "The Committee," requesting him to deliver a speech at the big K. of L. ball which occurred at the exposition building. Tuesday night he was called to the door, and "Accepted it." Why, as Billy Emerson says, "We should smoke a snowball for him." He prepared a flowery address and donning his Prince Albert, hied himself to the ball. "What time am I expected to deliver his address?" he inquired of the first individual he met at the door. "Dunno," was the brief and rather unhelpful answer. "I suppose," he inquired of other individuals, but none of them seemed to know anything as to when he was to speak. He might perhaps have then realized that he had been deceived, but he did not. He went on, not minding the fact that he was not invited, and commenced his harangue. He was promptly hissed down and left in disgust. The Knights of Labor would probably have to do without his services for the time being, as he was not invited to play a better game of "stunt" or buck a faro-bank more successfully than "Uncle John."

The judge generally withholds this plea of eloquence, and "Chicken Jim" goes "over the hill" to the county jail. "UNCLE JOHN" STANTON is an Omaha character who can claim recognition from every old settler, and a good many new ones. He is an old, broken down gambler who for years or more has been engaged in wooing the six Goddesses. Every city west of the Mississippi, almost, has been his home, though for a good many years he has lived and gambled in Omaha. He has been a successful gamster in his day, keen, wide awake and up to all the tricks of his trade. Fifteen years ago, or more than a decade since—he is now about sixty years of age—he was in Omaha, and played a better game of "stunt" or buck a faro-bank more successfully than "Uncle John." As the gamblers say, he could fairly make a pack of cards talk and even at the present time, with his dimmed eyes and his hands pained from the effects of early dissipation, he is able

SOME CHARACTERS OF OMAHA.

A Galaxy of Stars With Eccentric Orbits.

WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE

Their Peculiarities—Spicy Anecdotes—"Whisky Jack"—"The Judge"—"Uncle John"—A Man Fond of Chickens.

There are a number of characters in Omaha who would make fitting subjects for the descriptive powers of a Dickens or Thackeray. If either of these gentlemen were alive to embellish them with a preparation of printers ink, the result would be a curious, and to lovers of the eccentric, a gratifying one.

The scope of this article will be to take a few of these characters, and to outline them as briefly, and at the same time, as accurately as possible.

"THE EX-MAYOR OF MEMPHIS."

"That little fishman over there was for a few years mayor of Memphis, Tennessee," said a gentleman the other day, pointing to a man who was just coming out of a Tenth street saloon. The individual pointed out was a little thickset man, with the typical features of a son of Erin. He was jolly, happy-go-lucky looking sort of a fellow, with a countenance which even a pair of blue eyes could not prevent from being comically attractive. He has quite a story.

Shortly after the war, John Dailey—for that's the ex-mayor's name—was a resident of Memphis, Tenn. He was driving a dray, or doing something of that sort. It was through a city clerk, who had cured that he got his name. The Republicans, it seemed, put up as a candidate for mayor, a man highly obnoxious to the southern element. He was a "carpet-bagger." The Democrats to show their contempt for the republican nomination, "put up" a scheme to down the carpet-bagger in a most humiliating manner. To show the Republicans that they could down their man, they nominated John Dailey, the ignorant drayman, to be mayor of Memphis. And he defeated the high-toned carpet-bagger by a routing majority. For twenty-four hours he remained in the position, and then accepted a bribe to resign and leave town. He is said to have received \$500 in cash, besides a new dray and pair of horses, for making him resign the day after his election.

HE DRANK A HALF GALLON.

"Whisky Jack" is another character. Everybody about town knows him. He is an every day sight on the Walnut corner, or thereabouts. Take "Jack" from Omaha and you would create an aching void in the heart of every policeman in this city. For the boys in blue have nearly all had more or less experience with him.

"Whisky Jack" is his nickname—Owen Connelly his right one. How did he get the name? The legend—and the writer won't vouch for its veracity—is this: One day, years ago, when Owen was spry than he is now, he was accosted on the street by a man who knew well his ability to punish whisky. He was asked: "Jack, how much whisky can you drink at once?"

"More than any man in Omaha," "How much is that?"

"Half a gallon," "Can't you do it?"

"I can."

"I'll bet you \$10 that you can't and I'll pay for the whisky if you do."

The wager was promptly accepted and the money duly paid. Jack won the wager and the nickname "Whisky Jack." Jack has reformed many, many times. One pledge he kept for more than a year. Then he fell. To-day he downs whisky with the same promptness as he once downed quantities, as years ago. He has two boys, twelve and sixteen years of age, both of whom are said to be well fitted to succeed to their father's title and mantle.

"JUDGE" COOLEY.

An article on the characters of Omaha would be incomplete without a reference to the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. Cooley is a man of many parts, and his personality makes him a short, for the "judge" is pretty well known here and hereabouts. Julius is a dandy, and no mistake—at least in the matter of gilt-edged galls. His thirst for the most fashionable makes him the victim of practical jokes, more or less severe, at the hands of "the boys."

Here is the latest: Cooley received last week a bogus invitation from a group of "society" individuals who signed themselves "The Committee," requesting him to deliver a speech at the big K. of L. ball which occurred at the exposition building. Tuesday night he was called to the door, and "Accepted it." Why, as Billy Emerson says, "We should smoke a snowball for him." He prepared a flowery address and donning his Prince Albert, hied himself to the ball. "What time am I expected to deliver his address?" he inquired of the first individual he met at the door. "Dunno," was the brief and rather unhelpful answer. "I suppose," he inquired of other individuals, but none of them seemed to know anything as to when he was to speak. He might perhaps have then realized that he had been deceived, but he did not. He went on, not minding the fact that he was not invited, and commenced his harangue. He was promptly hissed down and left in disgust. The Knights of Labor would probably have to do without his services for the time being, as he was not invited to play a better game of "stunt" or buck a faro-bank more successfully than "Uncle John."

"CHICKEN JIM"

is a negro. It is hardly necessary to say that he is also an embezzler of chickens. In fact, he secured his nickname through his tendency to make nocturnal, friendly visits to the different hen-roosts in the neighborhood in which he happens to reside, from time to time. He has been arrested many times for various offenses of theft. He invariably puts on a long face, and makes a plea to the police judge something like this: "I am innocent, sah, an' I's a d— outrage, dat I know de justice of de law, an' I's a d— dis yer man's chickens, sah. Me steal chickens! Me! No, sah! Not much!" The judge generally withholds this plea of eloquence, and "Chicken Jim" goes "over the hill" to the county jail.

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to handle the pasteboards with something of his old time skill. The "boys" look up to him and respect him, for what he was, regarding him somewhat in the light of a patriarch. His thirst for liquor they are always ready to ally with sundry contributions of dimes, quarters, and dimes, which the old man promises to repay to-morrow. Of course he never does it. And "the boys" never expect him to. In fact, for the past few years Uncle John has been supported by the younger members of his profession, who willingly meet the assessments made upon them. Of late he has been sojourning at the poor farm. Here he will probably remain until death ends his checked career.

His picture? It is very easily drawn. Imagine a face purpled and furrowed with disease and dissipation, with a long nose which has a small garden of whiskers blossoming on it, and eyes which are bloodshot and glazed, are always roving restlessly from ceiling to floor; a body bent almost to the degree of deformity; clothes which are shabby and tattered; a heavy lidded eye which follows the elements together, and you will have a faithful picture of "Uncle John" Stanton.

TOM MURRAY.

The Omaha public has been made so well acquainted with this gentleman through the local press that it is not necessary to say much about him. For years he has been a walking synonym for the word "procrastination." For some time he has been the owner of a building on the corner of Fourteenth and Harney streets has been a cause of endless profanity among the people in the neighborhood, and circled with brick-piles, stone-heaps and mortars, has been a source of constant annoyance to the board of public works. But now the big six-story structure has almost completed its growth, attained during a period of fifteen years. And what is more, Tom Murray can soon claim the right of being enrolled among the public spirited men of Omaha.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The call to arms—"John, take the baby." The most fashionable fabrics for spring wear will be of cotton.

Angels of midnight may be horrible looking things in old papers in the morning. Jeweled hoop earrings have returned to fashion. Bangles are sold of corresponding designs.

"Jane, do you like fish?" "No." "What are you going to eat on then?" "Pie and pickles."

A news item states that a New York man recently eloped with his mother-in-law. Well, he deserved it.

A sentimental writer thinks that lips don't ripen nowadays. That may be, but green lips are pretty good.

A Rockland, Ill., man advertised for a wife recently, and in his answers that he took to the woods in alarm.

An Olio man and his wife have not exchanged a word for twenty-five years. The husband is now in the hospital.

The skirts of almost all walking dresses are made quite plain, or with a very narrow pleating set underneath the edge.

Man proposes, but God disposes. It is not often as the girls would like him to.

Christen at Work: "The wedding was strictly private, owing to the bridegroom being still in mourning for his first wife."

The woman whose favorite hymn is "I would not live always" has spent \$230 for patent medicines during the past year.

No matter how good natured a young lady may be her gentlemen friends can look for a tirade when she determines to make a silk quilt.

It is said that during the recent earthquake in Nice the beds in the hotels there, for the first time in many years, received a thorough shaking.

The fresh importation of French white toilets, embroidered and lace-trimmed, are marvels of Parisian skill, art and matchless delicacy.

"Daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

"Well, but if you can't bear her (what made you propose?)" "Well, we had danced three dances and I couldn't think of anything else to say."

The judge says that a "valentine means a great deal to the widow." It will in six months mean a mighty sight more to the man who sends it.

"There is pleasure in reaching after higher things," said Johnnie, as he put a box on a chair to reach the top shelf where the best preserves were kept.

An eastern woman lecturing on the subject "What Tires Us." She talks and talks, and the audience guesses what it is before she reaches the end of her sentence.

The burglar doesn't generally prowl around in a toboggan suit, but when he departs hastily through a window he sometimes wears a suit of this kind.

The little brother who persists in hanging around the parlor when his big sister is entertaining her best young man is committing a most offensive crime.

She—Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

He—Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake, I'll give her my own dear little mouth!

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An Indiana woman eloped three times. Each time her husband forgave her, and now she is married to a European and a pilot.

The new bonnet she wants is always forthcoming.

Not wisely, but too well. "What's her name?" asked his wife at the end of the papers talk of so? "John looked as sad as a dog and groaned in utter misery, 'I wish I was dead!'"

"Why does that young man clasp that young lady so closely?" asked Miss Clara of young Pansy, as a couple passed them in a friendly way. "I don't know," said Pansy, "but I think he's fond of her."

Miss Mary—Well, judging from his appearance, I should say he had a long life before him. "He looks like a long life," said Miss Mary—A young man's appearance, Dr. Bones?

A hard eastern paper sarcastically observes that the Chicago woman's weapon is her mouth, but you never hear of her being arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. It is her mouth.

Miss Jennie Gray has a farm of 100 acres in Battineau county, Dak. She works it successfully, and says that she could work an acre of land as well as a man.

The stitichings on the backs of the fashionable four-button English gloves grow broader and broader. The skirt makes one's legs increase in size. The favorite is a redish mahogany shade, with the stitichings of black.

The general belief that home is a lonely place, and that the wife's taste is a many newly-married young mothers aspire to be mothers. If there's anything killing to a woman, it's being alone and not having anything to talk to.

A fashion writer says that dresses are to be full this year. We prefer them full. "I don't know," said a woman, "but I think it's best to know what satisfaction it would be to a young man to hold an empty dress on his shoulder."

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WHAT FOR THE ADDITION!

A Genuine First-Class Investment!

REMINGTON & McCORMICK,

220 South 15th Street.

\$250 TO \$350

Will buy first class lots in Saunders & Himebaugh's Highland Park. Only one-tenth cash balance five or ten dollars monthly payments. For beauty of location this property can't be beat, and we ask investors to examine it before purchasing. 10 per cent discount to those buying by the acre. We also have the following list to which the attention of the public is invited:

Lots in Washington Square, from \$1,800 to \$3,000, city water in front of every lot. Terms easy.

Lots on Saunders street, from \$1,300 to \$7,000.

Lots on North 30th street, from \$2,000 to \$4,000.

Lots in Hart's Addition, near Sacred Heart Convent, for \$1,500.

Myers, Richards & Tilden's Addition, one lot for \$500, one-third cash, Good for three days only.

First class corner on Dodge street, now renting for \$2,000. Good for a few days for \$33,000. Terms easy.

Omaha Real Estate & Trust Co.

1504 FARNAM STREET.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Emma Nevada did not take well in Florence.

Ada Roman used to teach school at Bridgeport, Conn.

"Waldamar" is the name of Lotta's new play.

Mme. Rhea makes her "first" American tour in April.

Mme. Materna is now in Russia. She says she will never revisit America.

"Fly-Ends-U," is the very suggestive title of Frank Dumont's new burlesque.

Sol Smith Russell says he will retire permanently from the stage January 1, 1888.

Louis James denies the report that he will be the leading support in the Booth-Barrett combination.

Eben Plympton's "Jack" company is disbanded. Eben was at one time a sub support to the late Adelaide Neilson.

Mme. Cavallazzi, the premiere danseuse, is a follower of Izard, Walton, and intends to hold the rod again this summer over the streams of England.

Buffalo Bill, with his "Wild West," will probably remain in the city for a few days.

The receipts for the thirteen weeks of the "Wild West" show at the Madison Square garden in New York are placed at the high figures of \$156,375.25.

When the prince and princess of Wales are at a country play together he never laughs heartily at a joke until he has turned to see if she enjoys it too.

G. Herbert Leonard of Rose Cochran's support in "The School for Scandal" and now plays Joseph Surface in "School for Scandal" and Beaumont in "Lady of Lyons."

A report is current to the effect that Henry E. Dixey will produce next season a burlesque of "Faust," which he had specially written for himself while in London last summer.

Frank McNish, who has a little minstrel act that occupies him five or ten minutes a night, has made money enough this season to buy a large and country house near Birmingham, N. Y.

Whistling is very much in demand in Boston. A certain pretty girl who is said to be a devotee of the game, has been making rather a good little income whistling for private parties.

Here is a chance for Gotham's long-shanked corner boys. They can make a fortune, six feet, and all clad in steel armor, and be one of the features of Mr. Barrett's production of "Hienzi" at Niblo's.

Katka, the rich Russian, the impalement act, succeeded in inspiring Miss Tillie at Cincinnati last week with a big carnival, which ended a fruitful cash in her left arm. She walked away from the knife and walked off.

Mr. Abbey and Madame Patti share the record of a record for a record. She